

Pound Cake / Paris Morton Music 2

[Intro]

Good God Almighty. Like back in the old days.

You know, years ago they had the A&R men

To tell you what to play, how to play it

And you know whether it's disco and rock

But we just went in the studio and we did it.

We had the champagne in the studio, of course, you know compliments of the company

And we just laid back and did it.

So we hope you enjoy listening to this album half as much as we enjoyed playing it for you.

Because we had a ball.

Only real music is gonna last

All that other bullshit is here today and gone tomorrow...

[Hook]

Cash rules everything around me

C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all

[Verse 1: Drake]

After hours of Il Mulino

Or Sotto Sotto, just talkin' women and vino

The contract like '91 Dan Marino

I swear this guy Michael Rapino's boosting my ego

Overly focused, it's far from the time to rest now
Debates growin' 'bout who they think is the best now?
Took a while, got the jokers out of the deck now
I'm holdin' all the cards and niggas wanna play chess now
I hear you talking, say it twice so I know you meant it
Fuck it, I don't even tint it, they should know who's in it
I'm authentic, real name, no gimmicks
No game, no scrimmage, I ain't playin' with you niggas at all
My classmates, they went on to be chartered accountants
Or work with their parents, but thinkin' back on how they treated me
My high school reunion might be worth an appearance
Make everybody have to go through security clearance
Tables turn, bridges burn, you live and learn
With the ink I could murder, word to my nigga Irv
Yeah, I swear shit just started clickin' dog
You know it's real when you are who you think you are

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Jay Z]

I had Benzes 'fore you had braces
The all-black Maybach but I'm not a racist
Inside's whiter than Katy Perry's face is
Yellow diamonds in my Jesús

I just might learn to speak Mandarin
Japanese for the yen that I'm handlin'
International Hov, that's my handle
My saint's Changó, light a candle
El Gran Santo on the mantle
Case y'all didn't know, I speak Spanish too
Shout out to World Wide Wes
Everywhere we go, we leave a worldwide mess
Yes, still Roc La Familia
Says a lot about you if you not feelin' us
The homies said "Hov, it ain't many of us"
I told 'em less is more niggas, plenty of us

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Jay Z]

Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake, cake
500 million, I got a pound cake
Niggas is frontin', that's upside-down cake
Get 'em a red nose, they clown cakes
They shoulda never let you 'round cake
Look at my neck, I got a carrot cake
Now here's the icin' on the cake
Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake, uhh

I'm just gettin' started, oh, yeah, we got it bitch
I've done made more millionaires than the lotto did
Dame made millions, Biggs made millions
Ye made millions, Just made millions
Lyor made millions, Cam made millions
Beans'a tell you if he wasn't in his feelins
I'm back in my bag
My eyes bloodshot but my jet don't lag
A pair of Jordan 3's tryna chase this cash
Gucci air bag just in case we crash
Uh, last night was mad trill
I'm fresh out of Advil, Jesus grab the wheel

[Part 2: Paris Morton Music 2]

[Verse 4: Drake]

Look, fuck all that "Happy to be here" shit that y'all want me on
I'm the big homie, they still be tryna lil bro me, dog
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas
When I'm 'bout to drop somethin' crazy and not say I'm the greatest
Of my generation, like I should be dressing different
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive
Like I should be on my best behavior and not talk my shit

And do it major like the niggas who paved the way for us
Like I didn't study the game to the letter
And understand that I'm not doin' it the same
Man, I'm doing it better
Like I didn't make that clearer this year
Like I should feel, I don't know, guilty for saying that
They should put a couple more mirrors in here
So I can stare at myself
These are usually just some thoughts that I would share with myself
But I thought "Fuck it"
It's worth it to share 'em with someone else other than Paris for once
I text her from time to time, she a mom now
I guess sometimes life forces us to calm down
I told her she could live with me if she need to
I got a compound but I think she's straight
Cause she supported since Hot Beats right before Wayne came
And got me out of the back room where I was rapping with Jas over beats that I shouldn't have
in the hopes for the glory
He walked right past in the hallway
Three months later, I'm his artist
He probably wouldn't remember that story
But that shit stick with me
Always couldn't believe when he called me
You never know, it could happen to you

And I just spent four Ferraris all on a brand new Bugatti

And did that shit cause it's somethin' to do

Yeah, I guess that's just who I became, dog

Nothing was the same, dog